

PORTLAND TRIBUNE.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1845.

LIFE.

How fleeting is our life. To-day we are healthy, active, energetic—to-morrow sick, dull, perishing. Yesterday we were children—pleased with a straw—to-day we are men—doing business with all our strength—to-morrow we shall be in the tomb. Thus is life—a moment and we are gone. Why do we cling so tenaciously to this brief existence?

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame? Earth's highest station ends in—Here he lies!" And "dust to dust"—concludes her noblest song."

Notwithstanding the thread is so brittle that holds us to life, we act as if it would never be cut. Look at our schemes for the future—witness our pride—our longings for fame. When we reflect upon the exceeding brevity of life and that all.

"Who breathe must suffer, and who think must mourn."

We are half inclined to believe that
"He alone is blessed who ne'er was born."

YOUNG AND OLD.

Those who accomplish any thing great, while they are young, seldom do much afterwards, even if life is prolonged. Campbell would never have been thought of as a poet, had he not written the Pleasures of Hope—a poem completed before he was one and twenty. What did he do afterwards that could be compared with his poem? If Byron had lived, he would not doubtless have added to his fame. The same might be said of Chatterton and White. Young, Cowper, Milton and other poets wrote nothing worth publishing before they arrived at middle age.

Be not discouraged; ye who are toiling up the hill of fame; because you have not yet accomplished any thing. Toil on—persevere—and when you are fifty years of age, you may produce that which will live as long as the productions of Milton.

EDGAR A. POE.

For most of this gentleman's writings, we have no taste; but we must confess that his recent effort "The Raven," has given us a more favorable opinion of the talents of the man.

Mr. Poe recently delivered a lecture in New York on American Poets and Poetry; but he could have known better than to state that Charles Sprague is an imitator and that Longfellow is a plagiarist. Think of that! Edgar A. Poe accuses such gentlemen as Sprague and Longfellow of imitation and plagiarism. Why, Mr. P. is not worthy to be mentioned in the same paragraph with these noted men, and nothing that he has written, we have seen, can be compared with any of the productions of these distinguished poets. When Poe is forgotten, Sprague and Longfellow will live; their poetry can never die. It will find its way to the heart; every body loves to read it again. But who reads the poetry of Poe? Who can remember a line that he has written, save "Once upon a midnight dreary"? No—no—Mr. Poe is not a great man, and as he is in his own estimation, and he sticks to newspaper criticisms, than attempt to lecture on the Poets of America. It is not the most appropriate sphere.

BENJAMIN CLOUGH, the 3d officer of the *Sharon*, by whose daring and almost unpaid efforts it was rescued from the hands of the pirates after the murder of Capt. Norris, the account of which we published last week, is a son of Mr. Asa Clough of Monmouth, Kennebec County, in this State. He was in Augusta last week, as we learn from the *Free Journal*, on his way home.

PLAGIARISM

This species of crime has of late become so common, and is practiced so extensively by a majority of the writers of the present day, that we seldom look for or expect originality in the literary productions with which the press is so prolific. But every person, with the least sense of honor, cannot but feel contempt for the zealous aspirant for literary fame, who, having no talents of his own, endeavors to establish his reputation as a writer by stealing the thoughts and words of another, and palming them off upon the public as emanations from his own intellect.

A writer in the *Portland Transcript*, over the signature of "Orion," has for a few weeks past been astonishing the readers of that paper with his poetical effusions. In the *Transcript* of last week he has a poem addressed to Miss "F. E. W." which contains many beauties, and would be very interesting to those who had never seen the article before. But—unfortunate coincidence that it is—we find in Miss Landon's writings a poem which differs from "Orion's" effusion in only two words—and we are forced to the conclusion, that one of the productions lacks originality as much as the pretended author lacks sense. We subjoin "The Gipsy's Prophecy," that those who are disposed may compare it with the lines to Miss W. in the *Transcript*.

THE GIPSEY'S PROPHECY.

BY L. E. L.

Lady, throw back thy raven hair;
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,
I will look on the stars and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

Little thanks shall I have for my tale—
Even in thy youth thy cheeks will be pale;
By thy side is a red rose tree—
One lone rose droops withered, so thou wilt be.

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain;
Throw on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.

Mark yon star—it shone at thy birth;
Look again—it has fallen to earth;
Its glory has passed like a thought away—
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.

Over yon mountain's silvery fall
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;
It hues of light will melt in tears—
Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazle eyes—
For the long dark fash that over them lies;
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of doubt o'er thy destiny.

I can give thee but dark revealings—
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings—
Of love that passed like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave.

AN IMPOSTER.

We do not hesitate to give publicity to the following letter. If there are villains, prowling about the country, deceiving the public, the sooner they are exposed and brought to justice the better it will be for themselves and others. We know nothing of the gentleman, spoken of below; all we can state is—we never gave such a person an agency for our paper.

EAST SANGERVILLE, March 8, 1845.

DEAR SIR—I write to you per request of A. T. Pond, Esq., of this town, relative to what he believes to be an imposition that has been practiced upon him. The circumstances are as follows. Sometime in January last, a person pretending to be an Agent of yours, came to his house to obtain subscriptions—he subscribed for six months from the first of February for which he paid him 50 cents, and holds his receipt for the same, signed A. Livermore. Now, if the said Livermore is an agent of yours, you of

course will forward the paper, and if he is not, it is a duty that you owe the community to expose him. He went part of the time, while in this vicinity, by the above name, and a part of the time by the name of Davidson. I did not hear that he made use of any other name while in this place. I understand that he imposed upon several others in town in the same manner, by pretending to be agent for other papers, viz. "American Traveller," "Christian Citizen," "Wilson & Co. publication's," &c., &c. In person he is about 5 feet 6 inches, with long, bushy hair and dark whiskers—wears a dark frock coat "buttoned to the chin," a black hat, thin kid gloves with nearly ten fingers and two thumbs sticking through them, and walking through our wintry snows with nothing but thin shoes on his feet. In fact, his whole appearance plainly indicated the loafer, and nothing else under the sun.

Yours, &c. B. LANE, P. M.

MILLERISM AGAIN.

The last "Piscataquis Farmer" contains the report of the "Trial of Elder J. Dammon," a disciple of Miller, before Moses Swett, Esq. of Foxcroft, and Seth Lee, Esq. of Atkinson, on the following complaint:

Hartford J. Rowe, of Dover, in the county of Piscataquis, Yeoman, upon his oath complains, that Israel Dammon, Commorant of Atkinson, in said county, Idler, is, and for several days last past, has been a vagabond and idle person, going about in the town of Atkinson, aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, from place to place, begging:—that he the said Israel Dammon is a common railer or brawler, neglecting his calling, or employment, mispending his earnings, and does not provide for the support of himself and family, against the peace of the State of Maine, and contrary to form of Statute in such cases made and provided.

Dammon plead not guilty to this charge; but the witnesses testified to irregularities and indecencies, which have not been perpetrated in this State since the days of Cochran. To show our readers what Millerism is, and its licentious tendency, we copy the testimony of one or two gentlemen:

J. W. E. Harvey, sworn. Have attended their meetings two days and four evenings. First meeting lasted eight days—have known Dammon six weeks—Dammon, White and Hall were leaders. Dammon said the sinners were going to hell in two days. They were hugging and kissing each other—Dammon would lay on the floor, then jump up—they would frequently go into another room. Dammon has no means to support himself that I know of. The meeting appeared very irreligious—have seen him sit on the floor with a woman between his legs and his arms around her.

Leonard Downes sworn—Went to meeting with Loten Lambert, and kept with him; heard him testify, and know what he has related to be true. He omitted one thing. I saw Dammon kiss other people's wives.

J. W. E. Harvey, called. I have seen prisoner on the floor with a woman between his legs—I have seen them in groups hugging and kissing one another. I went there once on an errand—Dammon halloed out "Good God Almighty, drive the Devil away." I once saw Elder Hall with his boots off, and the women would go and kiss his feet. One girl made a snack, but did not hit his foot with her lips. Hall said "he that is ashamed of me before men, him will I be ashamed of before my father and the holy angels." She then gave his feet a number of kisses.

Loten Lambert, sworn. They were singing when I arrived—after singing they sat down on the floor—Dammon said a sister had a vision to relate—a woman on the floor then related her vision. Dammon said all other denominations were wicked—they were liars, whoremasters, murderers, &c.—he also run upon all such as were not believers with him. He ordered us

off—we did not go. The woman who lay on the floor, relating visions, was called by Elder Dammon and others, imitation of Christ. Dammon called us hogs and devils, and said if he was owner of the house he would drive us off; the one that they call imitation of Christ, told Mrs. Woodbury and others, that they must forsake all their friends or go to hell. Imitation of Christ, as they called her, would lay on the floor awhile, then rise up and call upon some one and say she had a vision to relate to them, which she would relate; there was one girl that they said must be baptised that night or she must go to hell; she wept bitterly and wanted to see her mother first; they told her she must leave her mother or go to hell; one voice said, let her go to hell. She finally concluded to be baptised.

Imitation of Christ was said to be a woman from Portland. A woman that they call Miss Baker, said the devil was here, and she wanted to see him—she selected me, and said, you are the devil, and will go to hell. I told her she was not my judge. Mr. Ayer then clinched me and tried to put me out door. I told him we had not come to disturb the meeting. The vision woman called Joel Doore, said he had doubted, and would not be baptised again—she said, Br. Doore don't go to hell. Doore kneeled to her feet and prayed. Miss Baker and a man went into the bed room—subsequently heard a voice in the room hollo Oh! the door was opened—I saw in to the room—she was on the bed—he was hold of her; they came out of the bed room hugging each other, she jumping up and would throw her legs between his. Miss Baker went to Mr. Doore and said, you have refused me before, he said he had—they then kissed each other—she said that feels good—just before they went to the water to baptise, Miss Baker went into the bedroom with a man—they called Elder White, saw him help her on to the bed; the light was brought out and door closed. I did not see either of them afterwards.

We have not room for more of the testimony. The Elder was found guilty and sentenced to ten days imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Such is Millerism in this State. Transactions similar to the above we learn, have been carried on in various places. In our own city some months since, we were made acquainted with similar abominations. In fact, one of the prominent females connected with Elder Dammon, belongs to Portland. She is travelling about the State, disturbing the peace of neighborhoods. She should have a berth in the house of correction.

Before this spirit of Millerism breaks out afresh, we trust the proper authorities will be on the look out, to check it immediately. Fear alone keeps the fanatics down in this vicinity. Had we not judicious laws and excellent men to enforce them, we are satisfied that ten times the amount of misery and wretchedness would have been produced. And we take not a little credit to ourself, in publishing facts and giving a word of caution and admonition. We have seen much evil nipped in the bud as a consequence, and shall continue to do our duty, notwithstanding we have been denounced in their meetings as a falsifier.

P. S. Since writing the above, we understand that the Millerites in this city conduct similar to their brethren down-east. They will not permit unbelievers to attend their meetings, which are frequently held as late as one o'clock at night. We know a gentleman however, who did attend not long since, who states that one of the believers arose and said—"I feel it to be my duty to kiss sister ——" and suiting the action to the words, he immediately gave her a smack. Should not the city authorities interfere and put down these disturbers of the peace? The ring-leaders should be imprisoned at least ten days as was Elder Dammon. It would teach them better habits.